1944

MEDIC'S

ARMY

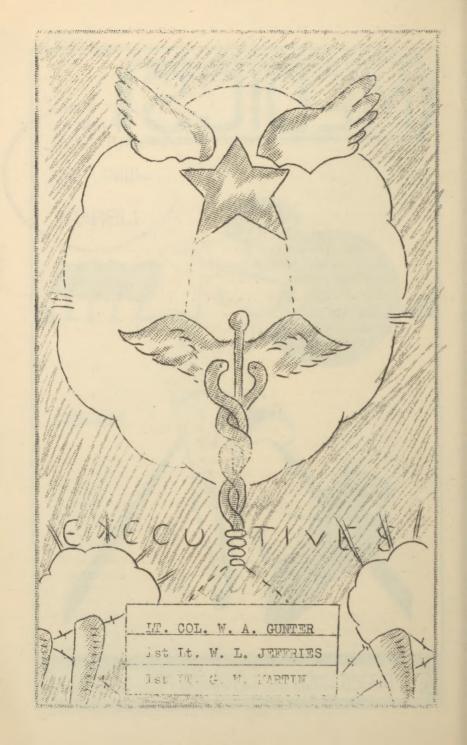
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STATION HOSPITAL-HENDRICKS-FIELD-VOL.I-NO9





Major Clarence K. Weil

2nd Lt. Helen F. Hartman

Mrs. J. E. Palmer

Miss Lois Jones

Miss Margaret Altoonan

S/Sgt James Palmer

Sgt. Steve Eaton

Cpl. Vance Matter

Cpl. Ralph Pierce

Pfc. Leonard Meiman

Pfc. Charles Freeman

Pfc. Mady Brown

Printed in collaboration with Reproduction Department of Hendricks Field, Sebring, Florida.

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Permission is granted to reprint meterial from this magazine provided that credit is given "medics".



The first in a series of bi-monthly Monday night songfests for patients and hospital personnel as part of the Convalescent Training Program, got off with a bang Monday evening, February 28, 1944.

This inovation is the combined brainchild of First Sergeant C: W: Duerr and Private First Class Leonard Neiman and is being staged under the supervision of Lieutenant G. W. Martin, Convalescent Training Officer.

"Warblers Rambling" has been chosen as the trade-mark of this feature and the Convalescent Training Department informs "Ye Editor" that the opening shot was only the beginning with bigger and better treats in the offing.

In addition to group singing the programs are to be highlighted by specialty acts, door prizes and everybody's favorite---REFRESHMENTS. Souvenier programs are also furnished the audience for convenience in keeping track of the festivities.

Long canvalescing periods are rapidly dimishing as our training department trains its guns on the ills resulting from idle minds and bodies while recovering from disease and injury.

It is our guess that in the very near future civilian hospitals will follow the trail in convalescent training blazed by the Medical Department of the United States Army.

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One of two numbers to call. A decision to make that would forever decide the course of her future destiny. This was what Anne faced as she awoke from a troubled nights sleep.

She turned over on her side and looked out at the garden. Marty, who was a marine, loved the garden and it was there that he had whispered. "Darling, I don't want to wait until after the war. I want you waiting for me. Let's get married now."

Anne slowly threw off the covers and sat on the side of the bed. Her feet felt for her slippers and the movement caused the morning sun to catch and glisten in the tears that had sprung into her eyes.

Marty was awfully sweet, but then, so was Red. Red the impulsive one who had no whispers in the dark, but who had burst into her apartment the morning efter Marty's tender proposal and had yelled, "Baby, I'm accepted and I think the Navy's getting the best end of the bargain. Let's get married and then you and the admiral can both be happy".

Two telephone numbers and only one of them that she could call and make happy, but that was the way she, herself had arranged it.

The agreement with them both had been that she was to have until this morning at 8:00 to make up

her mind between them.

anne got up slowly from the bed and moved slowly over to the dresser and absently began combing her hair. Which one should it be? The decision had to be made today, in fact in exactly one hour she must decide whether to accept a steady, reliable, and somewhat dull man, or a dynome of energy, thoroughly unreliable, and yet with whom life would be a constant thrill of excitement.

It really shouldn't be hard to choose, but anne knew in her heart that the life that Marty offered, while so much more secure than the one that Red would give her, had none of the underlying thrill that she knew so necessary for a happy life. Then again the life that was held out to her by Red was, even on the surface, and to become fatiguing.

Anne laid down her comb and slowly walked to the telephone and sat on the stool in front of it. Which should it be Red or Marty? The Navy or the Marines?

Suddenly the phone jangled through her thoughts, Anne looked at her watch. It couldn't be either of them, because she still had 45 minutes before their call was due, and then toe, she was supposed to de the calling.

Mane plaked up the phone and said, "Hello.-Where-oh, Yes! Oh, no, not really!--- Are you
serious!--- Of Course I'll marry you darling!--Yes, dear ------ Yes dear!----Goodbye Love.

amis slowly replaced the receiver and walked slowly to the window, The world was beautiful, in fact everything was beautiful and life was wonderful and without a complication, even her problem was solved and "anyway", she thought to herself, "I taink I'll be happier with an army man than I could ever be with a marine or sailor.

THE BIND



HENDRICKS RED CROSS DRIVE OPENS Post to go all-out for War Fund



Hendricks Field goes "all-out" for the 1944 Red Cross War Fund as an all-post drive which opens Monday, March 20.

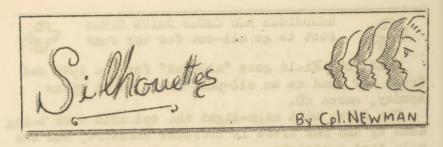
The drive will high-light the splendid work being done by the Red Cross in overseas theaters, and the help that Hendricks personnel, both civilian and military, can give in this work through contributions and memberships.

At the Station Hospital, the drive will be under the direction of 1st Lt. W. L. Jeffries, Medical Detachment CO, and every person—civilian and soldier, patient and members of the hospital personnel will have an opportunity to contribute.

The Red Cross is doing an incredible job for American soldiers in every theater of war. Collection of blood plasma which is saving the lives of thousands, coffee and cigarettes for weary fighting men, hotels in foreign cities, Red Crossoperated, with accommodations for soldiers on furlough at rock bottom prices, aid to U. S. Prisoners interned in enemy countries, real help for families of soldiers who need it—these are only a few of the services which the Red Cross is performing for American soldiers.

For those of us who must stay behind, there is this opportunity to help our buddies who are fighting at the front. The Hendricks drive will close March 31. Between now and that date, Hendricks Field will hear at first hand what the Red Cross has done and is doing in the war theaters. Listen to these stories by men who have been over there, then decide how much you can contribute to help the work along.

One day's pay? That's not too much, and many hendricksmen, in an effort to help, already have contributed more. Resolve to join the Red Cross, and help it help our soldiers.



MAJOR FORREST A. CORN

Chief of Medical Service, Ward Officer in Charge of Wards 3, 5, and 7. Member of CDD Board, Storkarized in Arkansas. Garnered all his education in home state, obtaining B. S. Degree at Little

Rock College. Starred in both football and baseball at High and College. (Judging from the Major's physique the opposing players must have made a quick detour round his side of the line.) Stands well over six feet.

Obtained his Doctor of Medicine Sheepskin from University, School of Medicine, Arkansas. Upon completion of medical studies set up in general practice at Lonoke, a small community on the outskirts of Little Rock, remaining in this locality until Uncle Sam beckoned. Hobby: His two children. For diversion likes bass fishing and duck hunting. When the opportunity presents itself the Major takes off and indulges in these sports. Admits no particular pet peeve which really is something coming from an Army man.

CPL. HAROLD H. LACY

Technician in Flight Surgeon's Office. Storkarized September 4, 1915 at Erie, Pa. One of three boys. has brother stationed overseas. In High School belonged to the Glee Club and Hi-Y Club. Sports interest include softball, hunting and fishing. Likes to take machines apart and put them together again. (Must have a good memory). Hobby is building outboard and inhoard motor boats. Has

made a few trips to England and Canada visiting relatives residing there.

Traveled extensively in the East, entered Army in October 1941 and went to MacDill Field. Next stop was Hendricks arriving on February 20, 1942.

Attended Medical Technician's School. Was Ward-master before joining the Flight Surgeon's staff. Likes radio but just the sound of it. Never listens to any particular program. Reading Habits: Time, Post, and Esquire magazines. (Vargan girls?) Has no particular pet peeve. (A GI without a gripe is really a rare animal. (Take his temperature boys.)

PFC WILLIE G. CLAYTON -

Charge of the Army Health Station in Setring.

Storkarized September 2, 1915 at Stem,
North Carolina. Graduated from High
School in the Tar Heel State. Member
of Debating Society and a ball hawk
on the school nine. Likes to solve

mathematical problems. Worked on Dad's farm specializing in tobacco crops. Belonged to the leading farm organization, playing a leading role in all activities. Reading habits lean to fiction and he is an avid radio dialer. Can tell you the name of any program before the announcer identifies it. Entered Army on October 21, 1941 at Fort Bragg. Arrived at Hendricks January 1, 1941. Hobbies include baseball, reading and a good square dance. Pet Peeve: None. (Hells Bells two GI's in a row without a gripe. What is this Army coming too. (Take my temperature boys).



WHEN THE BIG GUNS BLAZE,

THEIR JOB IS SAVING LIVES ...

EVEN PEARL HARBOR WAS A VICTORY FOR THEM

HERE'S THEIR BATTLE RECORD ...

"I was on my feet for 72 hours before the last beam one had been attended to... A 5-inch gun on the deck directly above continued firing... I plugged away with my feet twisted around the legs of the table to steady myself". That's one wavy Surgeon's account of his battle station in a recent reaction.

top-side cough, courageous medical corpsmen who action the instant a man falls.

tee. (Tek.

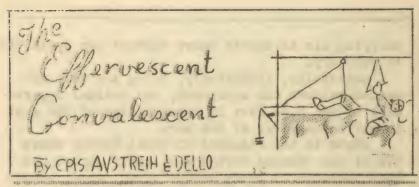
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carrying him to safety where doctors can speed him to recovery.

skillfully, steadfastly, using the most advanced methods and equipment, the medical Department of the U.S. Navy is enacting one of the most inspiring chapters of the war.

Begun in the disaster of Pearl Harbor where 97% of the wounded were saved, their record has been bettered in every battle since...your assurance that your fighting man in the Navy or Marines has a 400% better chance of living than in World War 1.





CPL. PEARL McILVOY, WAC, born in Wellstone, Oklahoma is of Scotch descent and is darn proud of it. Pearl works at Fost Intelligence and when questioned about her job, gave the old stock answer, "I'm sorry, it's a military secret".

The good Cpl. entered the army to do her share in the fight about fourteen months ago. She claims she has gained a lot of experience, but hopes to be wearing winter civilian clothes by the end of this year. Don't we all. Likes to dance, but best of all, she likes to dress up in lovely clothes. Harriage is out for her until the end of the war, but when her big heart interest comes home from the south Pacific all will be right with her world again.

As soon as Pearl is discharged from the hospital she hopes to go home. She has been sweating out a furlough for eight months now. Best of luck, Pearl.

PFC. GREGORY PEPPES, a member of the Medical Detachment and one of the best liked men among the hospital personnel. Peppes has seen thirty-eight summers and winters go by in his life time.

"Peppy" was born in Connina, Greece and has soont some eight years in the good old U.S.A. He entered the army about two years ago at Jefferson Berracks, then to Camp Robinson for basic training and from there to Hendricks Field. During his time here, he has worked in all the wards in our hospital and is considered one of the best and hardest working ward men in this Detachment.

"Peppy" also enters into the social life of the field, for he can be seen at all the dances and it is rumored that he has a WAC girl friend. On other evenings he can be seen at the beer garden or at the movies.

He entered the hospital to recover from a tired and run down condition. Could it be from overwork or was it caused by his night life activities?

JOSEPH ROUSSEL, a native of Elmira, N. Y. has

been on this field for about two years. Joe is a married man and is one of those fortunate husbands who has his wife living with him here in Sebring. Joe is a member of the town patrol of the Guard Squadron. So while a patient here he has received a lot of attention by the boys who like to bend an elbow at the local bars. Remember me, Joe? I'm the fellow who took care of you when you were sick. Let's



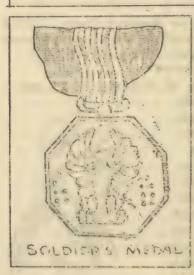
you when you were sick. Let's have another beer together.

Joe is full of praise for the attentions shown him by S/sgt. Gilliland. Could it be that Gilliland is planning a bender in town soon? Joe's main worry now is getting out of the hospital and back to duty or could it be to his wife?





The PRECIDENT DIRECTS



Those decorated were:
Captain samuel P. Durf
medical Corps, 1306 22nd
avenue, Rock Island.

Preston, 987 N. Church

street, Jacksonville, Illinois.

Private First Class John A. Dobrinski, 1182 Sixth Avenue, New York, New York;

Private First Class Frank J. McGowan, Jr., 389 Nostrand Avenue; Brooklyn, New York.

All were members of a Medical Detachment with a Coast Artillery (Antiaircraft battalion at Forto Empedocle, Sicily) when on October 11, 1943, ammunition on a barge and in a truck at the port exploded, and the barge burned fiercely. Responding to a call for emergency medical assistance, the five soldiers rushed to the scene.

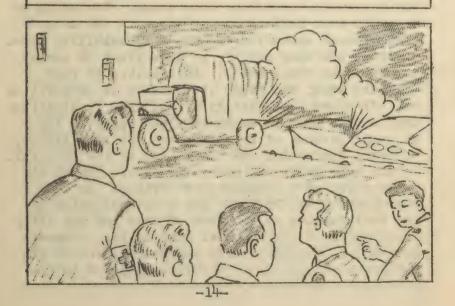
"With utter disregard for his own safety," says the citation for each of them, he climbed about the burning ammunition barge, where he found a number of badly injured and maimed civilians. In the midst of exploding ammunition and while faced with the imminent danger of further major explosions he, with the aid of members of his detachment succeeded in collecting the maimed and injured and in transferring them to the shore for first aid and evacuation.

Through his efficient performance of duty and utter disregard of danger and personal risk, men's lives were saved."

SILVER STAR

Awarded to Private Larkey Barnes for gallantry in action near Morobe, New Guinea, on July 9, 1943. Home address: Route 1, Enigma, Georgia.

Awarded to Private First Class William T. Meagher, Jr. for gallantry in action near Dot Inlet, New Guinea, on September 1, 1943. Home address: 208 South Grundy Street, Baltimore, Maryland.





THE HOSPITAL MESS HALL

Lt. Faulkner	WO. Bratcher	Sgt Stavrides
Cpl. Anodes	Sgt. Braswell	ogt. Greer
Cpl. Butts	Pic. nemilton	Pfc. Conture
Pfc. Corson	Pfc. LaDucer	Pfc. Maher
Fic. Frank	Pvt. hart	Pvt. Ouellette
Pvt. Jones	Cpl. Mack	Pfc. Poe
Pfc. Richardson	Pfc. Riley .	Pfc. menry.
lfc. Freeman	Pfc. Tate:	Pvt. Welsh
Pvt. Banks	Pvt. Battles	Pvt. nicks
Dart Dittmon '		

Food, one of the three essentials of life, is the cause for our column this month. Too often we take the mess hall as common place in the army life without acknowledging the responsibility given to those who must satisfy a "chow line" of hungry people three times daily. As a matter of fact, domments about the food, its quality or preparation are often made too hastily without the realization that a mess hall is maintained and operated for the sole purpose of providing for the subsistence, welfare, good order and discipline of the Hospital.

All mess halls are under the direct charge and supervision of a commissioned officer. In this organization Lt. Faulkner has been designated by the Post Surgeon as the mess officer and the daily functioning of the hespital mess is his responsibility. He must supervise the procurement of all states to the state of the services rendered to the

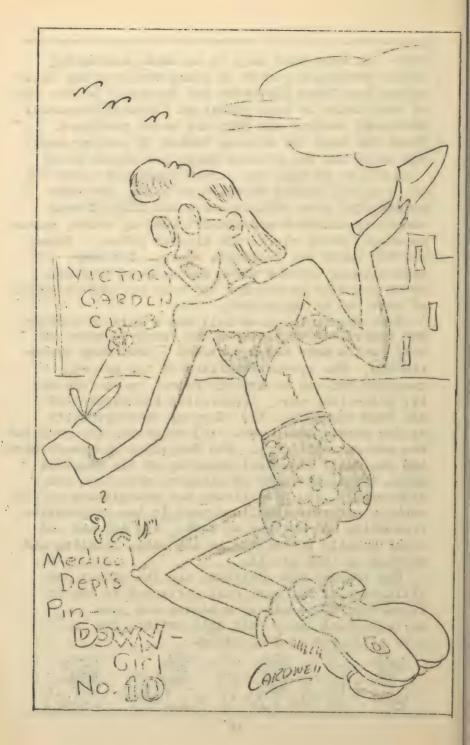
mess. he also must keep an accurate accounting system showing a record of funds received and their source and funds disbursed and to whom. At the end of each month he must submit an itemized financial statement showing not only the above mentioned items but also the average number of persons messing daily and the average daily per capita cost.

Needless to say, one person could not carry out the detailed duties of the mess hall. For that reason, the mess officer surrounds himself with competent enlisted personnel including cooks, bakers, butchers, stock clerks and kitchen police. These men are under the immediate charge of a noncommissioned officer known as the mess sergeant. It is his duty to receive and care for all articles of food for the mess hall.

Each man in the mess hall has a duty to perform and regardless of position the accomplishment of said duties make the department a producing organization. The responsibilities of the men are numerous but can be briefly summed up as follows: (1) Selection, care, preparation and serving of all food supplies. (2) Serving meals promptly at the prescribed hours. (3) Preparing the meal for the men on night duty. (4) Keeping a statement showing the daily financial standing of the hospital mess. (5) Cleanliness of kitchen, mess hall and storerooms. (6) Orderliness and cleanliness of the cooking utensils and linen used in the preparation. preserving and serving of food. (7) Any and all other details pertaining to the care, handling and serving of food stuffs.

Our respect and gratitude for the effort and efficiency of the mess hall personnel is too infrequently mentioned or admitted and your correspondent hopes that this article may in part atone for that omission.







MEN CHAMPION: In the final round for the handicapped golf championship among the post officers, there was never any doubt that the winner would be one of the hospital officers. Capt. A. B. Bell, who on the last hole, defeated Lt. Faulkner, will gladly give a stroke by stroke account of the match if anyone who has an hours's leisure and a willing ear. Through the description of the 17th round the writer was definitely under the impression that Lt. Faulkner must have won. DEPARTURES: The oldest medical officer from the point of service on this field departed, Saturday, March 4. Major Gaulocher who arrived at Hendricks in April 1942 left for Smyrna AAF. Smyrna, Tenn. During his stay here he served as Chief of Laboratory, Chief of Midical Service, Neuropsychiatric service and Asst. in Flight Surgeon's Office. Major Gaulocher served in a dual capacity as physician and Chaplain .: Other old timers who departed since the last issue of Medics include three of the original group of nurses who have been here for almost two years-1st Lt. Hobby, 2nd Lt. Godbee and 2nd Lt. Riley. They were the kind of nurses one was glad to have on hand in an emergency, or when a patient was extremely ill.

BIRTH: Born to Major & Mrs. F. F. Freimuth, a boy on February 21. Despite the fact that the Major is the Dental Surgeon, we understand that the child shows no more teeth than those born of ordinary humans.

Things Worth America and SEZING around the Hospital: Col. Gunter's charful "This is your friend, Gunter", when he talks over the phone. Major Corn's baffling "I can't, have a sore foot". Lt. Jeffries jitter-bugging.



Instead of my telling you about Red Cross, suppose we near what Capt. W. S. Douglas, a recently returned combat bombardier with fifty missions on his record, has to say of the story overseas.

"If a serviceman overseas can not get to a Red Cross Club, the ded Cross Club goes to him, via a clubmobile. From these converted buses are served - doughnuts and coffee, which give the men something to look forward to when returning from a mission. For air Force personnel the Red Cross also operates rest homes in leave areas where crews can relax in a homelike atmosphere. There is no G. I. routine and every effort is made for the war to be forgotten. In Algiers and Tunis the Red Cross Snack Bars provided the only place to obtain such home treats as ice cream; cake, and sandwiches. and were the gathering place for all of us on leave. To make it even better, in Algiers the Red Cross ran movies from Hollywood and arranged Saturday night dances for us. It's a great organization."

Although we do not serve doughnuts and coffee in our Recreation Hall (Ward 1), we do have a piano, radio, ping pong table, pool table, shuffle board, library, and inumerable games which are available at all times.

-Margaret Altoonan, Red Cross





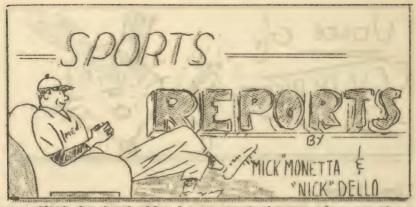
Dear Voice:

I have a wonderful wife and consider myself a very fortunate guy but alas—she is suffering from too much patriotism. Ever since the Government requested home owners to aid the war effort via Victory Gardens, she has gone all out in her zeal to comply. My Petunia bed has fallen by the way—side, the bird pond is now a tomato patch and the garage is her headquarters where this duration farmerette is now spending all her time writing a treatise on what is wrong with the Agricultural Industry. At this writing, I am playing second fiddle to a cabbage ratch. What should I do:

AAA

Dear AAA:

While the work your back yard commando is doing is of a laudable nature, it is kind of humiliating playing second base to a mess of cabbage. (Maybe rotten at that). However, it would be dangerous to plow under her "patriotic fervor." Guys have been sash-weighted for less than that. I suggest that you grab yourself a spade, move into the garage and form a cooperative with your vegetable packing mama. After all some guys would give a fortune for a wife who stayed in her own backyard.



With basketball almost tucked away for another season, the 'Medics' turn now to the next sport, Baseball. After a none too successful basketball season the 'Medics' have out away the ball and the only thing left are the memories of the games played. They were good games, all of them, hard played and fought for to the last whistle. With the limited amount of material on hand the 'Hedics' faced the best teams and forced them to play their utmost. The baseball team now in process of being organized shows promise of becoming a snappy nine. In the two practice games all the players showed a willingness to play the game and the ball was zipped around the diamond in smart style. Under the management of S/Sgt. Cox and captained by Pfc. Blanchette. who were elected by the member's of the team, the players are fighting for positions and the cornetition ought to bring out the best in the men. As previously stated, the team shows plant; of premise and a fine brand of ball can be expected, win, lose or draw.

Softball, under the management of opl. Matter and captained by Opl. Lary also entered the picture. The team has just been organized and received a big welcome from the men of the detachment. Many men who cannot play hardball find softball a very fine medium through which to let off that excess energy, (or fat). So lets all get out and play. SIDELLIGHT: First Sgt. Duerr, of which the unexpect-

ed may always be expected, did just that when he showed up in the first softball practice and played second base on one of the pick up teams. The great slugging star batted and fielded his team to———— Diffait. But it proved to be a real fun-fest and the first sgt. along with the others enjoyed the evening tremendously.

Our spotlight falls on Sgt. William L. Davis who was born on March 30, 1918 in Fremont, North Carolina. Davis attended the Fremont Grade School where he played baseball and basketball. Out of a class of 20, Davis and one other fellow were the only males in the graduating class. (Wow) After school Davis worked for the Whitley Drug Company for five years before the draft caught him. In that time he played sandlot baseball and basketball with the Fremont A. C. His hobby issports, baseball preferred. Beg pardon, his preferred sport at the moment is running to the O.B. Ward to see his wife and newborn son, Lewis, with baseball in second place. His pet peeve——Avstreih's Goldbricking.

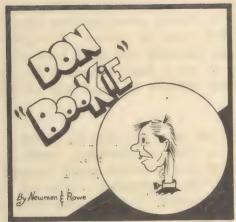
BRAIN TEASERS!!!

DID YOU KNOW????

- 1. What baseball players were awarded the most valuable players award in the American and National leagues in 1942?
- 2. Who was the only pitcher to pitch a no-hit game in 1941?

ANS. on Page 49













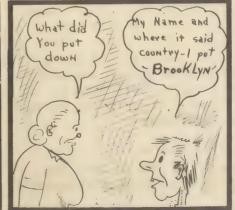




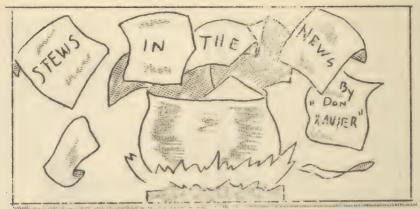












The Mad onder 18 Your Called Just a reminder to the boys that the american Med Gross is now in the midst of a drive to raise funds to carry on their vital war work. Most of the soldiers and sailors are univered the help the Red Gross has occasioned in their bolisht and will give in accordance with their means. To those who are not in the services and whose eyes chance to peruse this page, we urge you to "dag way down deep" and come up with a whooping big donation. How about it?

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM THE PEN OF CARDINAL GIBBONS:

The higher men climb the longer their working day. And may young man with a streak of idleness in him may button make up his mind at the beginning that we consity will be his lot. Without include, sustained effort, he will not climb high. And even though fortune or chance were to lift him high, he would not stay there. For to keep at the top it harder almost then to get there. There are no office bours for leaders:

A MUCH ABUSED WORK: "Freedom is not an heirloom which originally belonged to the Founding Fathers".

of our country, and that has been passed down to us from generation to generation ever since. Freedom is rather an endowment like life, which is preserved by resisting from time to time the challenge of disease and death."

-Fulton J. Sheen

Momination for the most surprised gent of 1944: The GI who authored the quadruplets in England. (A couple more like him and the Allotment and Dependency Branch would go out of business)

FOR WOLVES THE BELLS TOLL The wolves are howling but not with gite. Consternation had invaded their ranks you see. A scientific mind while deep in thought Conceived a gadget which threatens their sport. To plug this device and do his horn tootin' He hired a frill named WOO WOO WOOTEN. She prances around with it in prominent display Very much indeed to the wolves' dismay. Are you wondering what can do so much harm? Start biting your claws for it's a wolf alarm. A row of little bells in place of buttons For wear on a blouse while out-a-struttin. Designed for both Army and Navy too. Three rings for the Khaki and two for the Blue-HTLLS BYLLS MADE FAMOUS BY A GAL HANTED 100!

(Printed by request with apologies to Rachel)



SURPRISE PARTY DEPARTMENT: No doubt FLO COPE has been expecting surprises and jokes since the announcement of her engagement to Capt. JAMES M. MC-DOMALD, but from the expression on her face, she wasn't expecting one the afternoon she was more or less ordered to the front office, only to find a party and gift awaiting net. Understand that she was quite angry until that moment. Best wishes. FLO, from all of us. The Flight Surgeon's office won't seem the same without you, but we know that JAME GICK will do a good job in your place RACHEL WOOTEN AND DOT SEVENA received their Service Ribbons a few days ago. Congratulations, girls. Perhaps it's a good thing they were presented before DOT took that potent pill Seems as though BECKY FLEMING and her Aven Fork Copt. are getting mighty serious. However, if a certain Major makes a strategic appearance, he might break it up..... PIGGY VAN ES FAS BIEN AWAY AGAIN. Now PEGGY JOYCE KENNEDY is in for double excitement. Her mother is arriving for her first visit to Sebring. and just about the same time, a good friend will return to become an instructor at this field.... Whoever has been calling DOT SEFRNA by long distance will have a nice bill this month. Telegrams every day, too. Could be a boy just back from the Pacific. Don't let a long distance courtship throw you. DOT. Another charming newcomer: MARGARET PARSLEY. Sorry gentlemen, she's married. Her husband is in India at present.



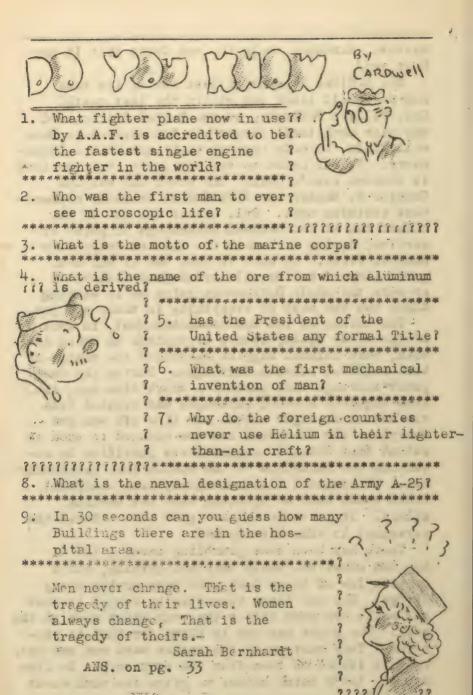


States. Remember, help the sed Cross that it may help you!

The Medical Detachment lost two of its best and most well liked men within the last month. Col. William Patlosky, of the Dental Clinic, and our star basketball player was transferred to Maxwell Field, to help open up their new Dental Laboratory. We all hated to see him leave, but our loss is someone else's gain. The other one was Col Chester H. Meeder who left for an overseas replacement training unit. Col. Meeder was one of the oldest men of the Medical Detachment in point of service; coming here with the initial cadre from Maxwell Field. We hate to lose one of our best poker players and an all around good fellow. I am sure the whole Detachment joins me in wishing these two the best of everything in their new job.

The morale of the Medical Detachment, in fact; of the whole field, took a tremendous up swing last week, when Colonel Higgins announced the change of time required between furloughs. During the man-power shortage that existed a short time ago, the time required between furloughs was boosted from six months to eight months and time off was cut sharply. The situation has now changed to such an extent that Colonel Higgins feels justified in returning the furloughs to the status they originally had. The Colonel also announced, that hendricks Field would soon be sporting some new bowling alleys. It is wonderful how good news effects the personnel in this Detachment.

There has been some grumbling among a few of the men about the meals they are getting, and a certain few of these have said some pretty nasty things. The one thing they seem to forget is that our meals are much better than any other mess on the post. The cooks are not to blame for what is prepared. They must go by the master menu and use only what is issued to them from the commisary. So from now on, let's think before we gripe too much about the eats.



What beautiful, but talkative WaC of the Flight Surgeon's Office, is packing her barracks bags in hope of seeing, very soon, the wonders of the old world. Now, Wacie, do you really think of meeting a handsome sheik or a Maharajah over there?

Welcome dose: Back from furlough, but the O.B. Ward refused to accept her at presnet. Secret. - a big girl with an infantile disease...

Our deepest sympathy extended to Pvt. hattie on the death of her father, February 26th.

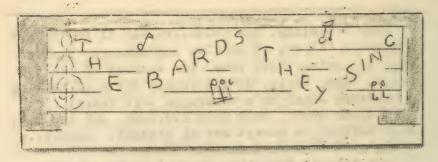
There is talent in the Dental Clinic, by the name of Jane P. She is the streamline builder of the Wacs. She also builds our muscles, three times a week, with her one-two-three-four.

What blonde WAC is carrying a torch for a certain handsome G.I., Don Juan, who is winning the war by working in the laboratory. The Don Juan is true to his girl back home, so you are wasting your youthful time. Wacie.

Now that Nettie Smith has been assigned to Ward 5, the G.I's there will recover in-no-time.

Last, but not least, the authoress of this column has decided to be subject to restriction for one week, in order to get a rest. Anyone who does not believe this story may get in touch with the WAC C.Q.





CLOUD MAGIC

I love to look into the sky, To watch and within me wonder why Artists expend much futile toil, Trying to paint this scene in oil.

Those tumbling clouds never still, Changing their pattern almost at will Mow into figures grotesque in shape, Then suddenly clothed in beauty's cape.

Slipping and twirling in lazy grace, Lacking a tempo and devoid of pace. Defying uniformity with a careless nod, Moving across the face of God.

Challenging us mortals here on earth.
To solve the secret while hiding their mirth, at our attempts on canvas fold.
To portray this panorama bold.

Why do men sit and brood, To capture their ever-changing mood, Tis foolish to slave and try and try, Come watch with me and wonder WhY:

----Xavier

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee please my soul to keep. Grant no other soldier take My shoes and socks before I wake.

Try and guard me in my sleep, And keep my bunk upon its feet-And in the morning let me wake Breathing whiffs of sirlion steak.

Please protect me in my dreams, And make it better than it seems. Grant the time may swiftly fly, And in a snowy feather bed With a pillow 'neath my head.'

Far away from all these scenes; From full packs and hash and beans.

Take me back into the land

Where in your chow you don't find sand.

and thou knowest all my words, and who hocks my shoes and socks Take me back and I promise this-never more to re-enlist.

Take me from this desert land, and ne'er again I'll raise my hand.

--Author Unknown

HUMAN NATURE

At 18 one adores;

At 20 one loves;

At 30 one desires;

At 40 one reflects.



Like the "Vanishing American", another staid old Brooklyn custom is fast disappearing from the scene of it's formar glory-and it took the Army Mess experts to apply the coupe-de-grace. I'm referring to the poor abused "hot Dog" (frankfurter to those with education). There used to be a time when you could go to a ball game, order a hot Dog (served on roll with mustard) and chew away contentedly while the Dodgers chewed away on the Giants. But alas, those were the good old days. Now the army dissects these weenies into all shapes and forms-dares you to name the result -- and glories in the bewildered and puzzled grimace on your kisser as you stare at this cookery magic. Timidly you gaze down at "Ye Camouflager's Nightmare" and naively ask. "What is this?" The mess officer beams; the mess sergeant grins; the chief cook applauds; and out steps the perpetrator of the crime taking bows on the way. The Colonel strides forward and pins the Legion of Merit on his chest while the rest of the kitchen autopsy kids cry. "Hear! Hear!" In the meantime the GI who asked the question that started all the commotion, is still staring at his chow tray and still has that puzzled and bewildered look on his kisser. The Mess Officer announces: "The entre for this evening prepared by Sergeant Stavrides, will be Casserole a la frankfurter, scalloped, with cream of tometo dressing and blanketed in cheese, etc. The GI walks slowly toward the table. It is clear to him now. The death knell of the Hot Dog has sounded. They have embalmed and buried him in his own stew. The next time I order a Hot Dog at Ebbetts Field. I'll probably get it in



P.T.3LUES-On these dark and sleepy mornings, nothing is so good to ones ears than "In the following manner". It's high time us Zoobies caught on to it.

WARNING -- There's a movement afloat, to bar Pfc :
Querner from future dances. This likeable :
jitterbug can afflict more casualties than
a beach-head in Itlay.

RINSO WHITE-Pfc Peppes went into the hospital last
week with a complexion of a soap operaprogram. Guess the snock of clean whites
was too much for the lad.

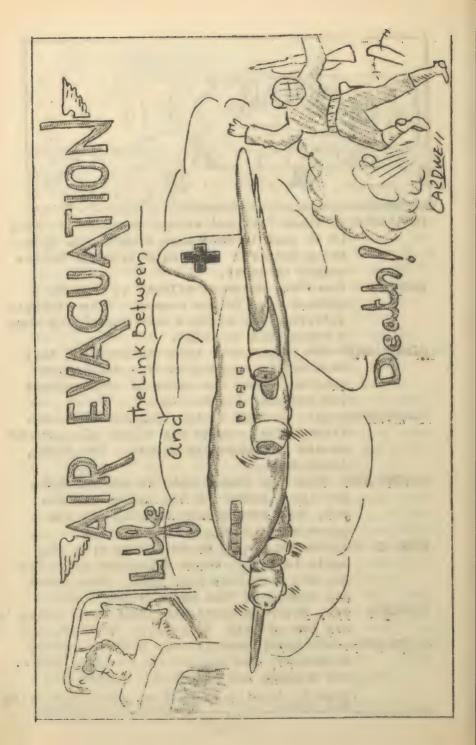
FLASH-FLASH-Sgt. Carlton is the luckiest GI on the field. Cpl: Meeder has signed all options on his PX romance to Lonnie. You lucky, lucky Boy!

Balgar EYES -Some body should chip in and buy Cpl. Dowling a shade for the light over his bed, thus saving time hunting for sun glasses and losing precious sleep.

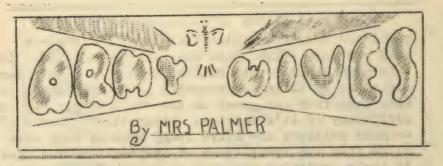
GENT OF LEISURE-Pfc. Walls knows how to live once again in peace. Since Silverman left, the big boy sure does look good, after about two months of "Get back in your room" ...

QUIENIE- Pfc. Peterson keeps the night force going by his Pot of Gold. Very tasty, I would ray:

TIMID SOUL-Pvt. Harrington (steady night to aphone operator), was lost in this would show he had a night off recently Did the had what to do with himself and the sum hurting his eyes.



On the 25th of May 1942 theres to the foresight and long-range planning of AAN officials a plan was born. That plan was 'Air Descustion'. That this plan has met with such huge success can be testified to by the many thousands of wounded who have been torn from the grasp of the 'Grim Meaner' by the efficiency of it's service. Literally thousands of wounded soldiers are alive today because they were flown from the front lines to hospitals in the rear. If their condition was such as to demand further treatment they were flown directly to the states where such treatment could be administered. From Africa to the states and from the many islands in the Pacific to hospitals in Australia in a matter of hours saving time which meant the difference between the loss of life or limb. The Air-Evacuation has set a remarkable and an enviable record in the transportation of the wounded and to them goes the credit for the salvation of so many of our boys. Today, this unit has greatly expanded and it now touches every battlefront the world over. Unarmed and unarmored. these huge flying hospital planes are fair game for enemy fighters at all times. Yet, thanks to the skill of the crews the "link between life and death" remains unbroken. At times, operating under the very nose of the enemy, the very audacity and daring of the men and women of the Air-Evacuation Unit have transferred vital military personnel from points of danger to rear line posts where they could continue to plan, without molestation, the downfall of the aggressors. Today, the Air-Evacuation Unit is proving itself to be a tremendous morale factor among the personnel of the U.S. Army. Only volunteers make up this unit and the training they undergo is intense. The job is a dangerous one and despite the many obstacles in it's road the Air-Evacuation Unit continues to fly on it's errand of mercy and will continue to do so until their wings blacken the skies over Berlin and Tokyo.



Mrs. Thomas Manigan, wife of well-known Major Manigan of the Flight Surgeon's Office, was born in Paragould, Arkansas. After attending a few years of elementary school in this place, she completed her more formal education by attending high school and business college in Memphis, Tenn., where she then made her home.

Mrs. Manigan was employed in secretarial work for a period of eight years. Her type of work was of great variety and interest, such as legal, and architectural. She also worked for a shoe concern located in St. Louis, and carried on her secretarial duties in many and varied ways. All of them interesting.

While, Mrs. Manigan, was working for her future brother-in-law, the Major was an interne at a near by hospital. And low and behold, one glorious day, Major Manigan came to call on his brother and met, shall we say, "his better half." They were married two years later in the month of June. Major and Mrs. Manigan have been married eight short years.

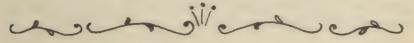
of hendricks Field, and is very active in social work. her favorite hobby is reading, the particular book being "Fride and Prejudice". The most liked sport is golf, and I'm sure she is very good. She likes bridge, man jong and other interesting card games.

After being in Sebring, for a period of two years, Mrs. Manigan has no pet peeve. Isn't it wonderful. Don't you wish you could say that.

PATENT



The initial activity of the Convalescent Training Program, Hendricks Field, Sebring, Florida, is the booklet, "YOU ARE CONVALESCING IN AN AAF HOSPITAL."





Soldier patients are entertained by Manager, Leo (Lippy) Durocher and Danny Kaye at this Hospital. Left to Right - Danny Kaye, Broadway Stage Star; Cpl. W. R. Dotson, 76th Sq.; Pvt Dick Raymond, 451st Sq.; "Lippy" Durocher; and Sgt. T. R. LeMaster, 76th Sq.



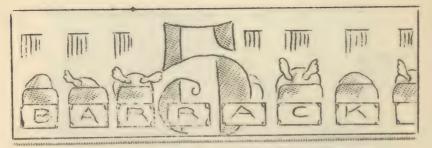
Soldier patients engaged in volley ball, one of the most popular phases of the outdoor Convalescent Training Program. (Patient in the foreground seems to be sitting this one out)



Broadway Star, Danny Kaye, accompanied by Jack Snyder leads patients in old-fashioned Song Fest. Left to Right- Jack Snyder, Pvt Dick Raymond, 451 st Sq.; Sgt G. W. Fisher, 76th Sq.; T/Sgt J. F. Jordon, 449th Sq.; Danny Kaye; and bed patient, Cpl J. D. Curro, 451st Sq.



Aircraft Model Cardboard Assembly is part of the Convalescent Activities. Left to Right - Cpl. J. D. Curro, 451st Sq.; T/Sgt F. E. Baker, 609th Band; Pfc C. J. Howell, 450th Sq.; Pvt E. L. Palmer, Hqs & Hqs Sq.; Pvt J. F. Rapelye, 76th Sq.; and Pfc N. L. Dodge, 449th Sq.



This is Dr. Hep Cat reporting the news and views of BK-5 where there is always an argument and the latest one was with Pvt. Licks who says "A light meter is the condenser and the fuse bex is just there."

Well the boys of BK-5 have started their spring training for baseball. The first four days took its toll and I and the others were so sore that we could hardly walk. Fig. Adgar hall was really sad, having to carry around 210 sore pounds.

tween barracks of and the other barracks. At the opening the boys of and the other barracks. At the opening the boys of and were slow getting started, but after a couple of innings, the game really got to rolling. Fro. Chappel, Freeman, and Fvt. Banks hit out nice triples down first base line to the diter. Fro. (paper doll) michardson, who did a nice job of catching, tried his best to connect with one and send it to the chemical warefare area, but went down swinging. S/Sgt. Usher connected with one of Lt. Jeffries' slow knuckel balls and sent it out toward the old cannon. As a whole the game was a nice warm up for all of us. PFC. Chappel and Tate pitched a nice game and other boys played their part too, with a few errors.

It seems that the witcher and Umpire fell out, or did Justice Triumph?

BK-5 is few in number so I don't think they will try to have a team.

I wonder what Jim Richardson thought the washing machine was, A G.I. Truck?

Flash Sat. Horwood Cook and Col. Charlie

Sizemore, formerly of BK-5 are now in Jefferson Barracks, Mo. after finishing eight weeks at Robinfield Medical Training Ecocol with a score of 97 each. Good work, boys, keep it up.

Lazy Bone will be with you in the next issue,

he gave away his space for news.

Something new has been added to the barracks. It carries a great deal of thought. The only thing I see wrong with it is that there is one too many "E'" in REMEMBER.

PFC. herman wckelton recently made a three day visit to Reddick, Florida. What is he going to tell the one in New York?

MIMO: BK-5 Wake up and start soldiering, you are off the ball.

FLASh! PFC. Tate lost his mother-in-law. The medical Department extends its deepicst sympathy to you.

Pvt. Teamus Jones is cut of the hospital now and seems fresh as a daisy. He just came in from the immortal city of Sebring singing "That a Time".

PFC. Herman McKelton has acquired the name of Captain Cash. He calls twice daily in the day room and takes away quite a sum of money. He must have gotten some roots from Reddick, Fla. What about it, Herman?

I see there are quite a few empty shoe dubbin cans after the C.Q. came calling in BK-5.

Well so long-Dr. "Hep Cat" Freeman





Many additions have been made to the Patient's Recreational Program during February. The area between wards #1 and #2 has become a playground and outdoor lounge. The lawn chairs in the shade and sunshine give those desirous of relaxation an ideal setting. Installations made by the utility department have facilitated horse shoe pitching, volleyball, croquet, tetherball and archery. The fellows enjoy playing outdoors now. The fresh air and exercise gives them a hearty appetite and puts them in the mood for a good night's rest. Croquet seems to be the most popular sport among the fellows. One lad with a right wing out of use persists in winning most of the games he plays. He is fast along other lines also. At the song festival on February 28 he again proved his ability. This time he led in gaining the attention of a charming Girl's service Organization hostess.

From all reports, I understand that everyone had an enjoyable evening at the session of "Warbler's dambling" as the song session is called. Photos will appear in april issue. Yours truly led the singing while Captain Smith accompanied with the piano. Steve maton gave away prizes and refresh-



refreshments were served by U.S.O. representatives. All the old favorites were sung. The program was enhanced with the talent of Pvt. Styles on the piano and Pvt. Messer's recitation of a poem composed overseas by his brother. Of special interest to our patients was the talent of Mrs. Joy Postle. a mural artist, who sketched imaginative scenes of "Glamorous Birds". One might term her work "in. the mood creation" for, as she drew, music fitting to the setting was played by a pianist. Mrs. Martin. Mrs. Postle hummed or sang as she went along. Her comment, with wit and poetry, was as interesting as the grace in her art. With colored chalk and sheets of 3x5 colored paper, she drew scenes including beautiful red flamingoes, green harens, and an astoundingly real sunrise. The song "Trees" gave the setting for another picturesque drawing.

A charming young lady has presented herself around our hospital during this month. She is none other than Miss Margaret Altoonan, the Red Cross representative. We have enjoyed her likeable personality and wish to take this opportunity to pay tribute to her and the organization she represents—a salute to you with the deepest of appreciation.



ANSWERS TO "DO YOU KNOWS" (Pg 33)

- 1. P-51, popularly called "MUSTANG". (Just as Webster describes it, "the small, hardy, semi-wild horse"!)
- 2. Antony Leeuwenhoek.
- 3. Semper Fidelis (always faithful)
- 4. Bauxite.
- 5. No, when the subject was raised as to what the title should be, it was decided to speak of the Chief Executive as only "The President of the United States".
- 6. The wheel was probably the first strictly mechanical invention of man.
- 7. The United States has the only Helium fields capable of producing commercial Helium. (Now you're cooking)
- 8. SO3C or "hellDIVER"
- 9. There are 24 (counting the Paint Shed behind the Supply Building)

ANSWERS TO "BRAIN TEASERS" (Pg. 24)

- 1. Joe Gordon of the Yankees and Mort Cooper of the St. Louis Cardinals.
- 2. Lon Warneke of the St. Louis Cardinals.

It may be hard to believe, but it is true that 1 times 9 plus 2 is 11

12 111 " 1111 123 1234 11111 " 111111 12345 123456 7 " 1111111 1234567 g 111111111 12345678 9 1111111111 123456789 - 11 10 11111111111

Well, ain't that sumpin'

